THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 11, 1806.

ON THE WORD "HUZZAH," OR "HURRAH."

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

THERE is a very current expression, which when parties are met together on any joyful occasion, repeatedly strikes the ear: this is the word *huzzah.* We drink a toast with three *huzzahs!* three times three *huzzahs:* and we even, on a very particular occasion, triple the last number. Now, Sir, what is the meaning of this word *huzzah?* from what language is it derived? how came it to be used in this particular manner? The subject is not of very great importance; yet it may amuse the lovers of etymology, and throw some light on the history of our ancestors.

I was struck with the extent of country over which this sound prevails, on reading the account of a great feast given by Suwarrow on the plains of Tartary, in the name of his mistress, to a mixture of Tartarians and Russians, assembled on the union of a vast tract of Tartary to the Russian empire. A great part of the Tartarians were Mahometans, and not less than thirty thousand persons were supposed to partake of the feast, in which the porter of England made a very respectable figure. On the health of the empress being given, the air resounded with the shouts of the guests—*huzzahs* and *allahs* were repeated from every quarter. The *allahs* denoted the joy of the Mahometans; the *huzzahs* the satisfaction of the Russians and Tartarians; who retained the original sound of joy used by their ancestors long before the name of Mahomet was known.

Huzzah one would therefore think could be only a sound of joy; yet a circumstance in the campaign of the French, ending with the total defeat of the Austrians and Russians at Austerlitz, has cast a degree of doubt upon this conjecture. According to the French account, a part of their army, only about 5000 strong, was surrounded by thirty battalions of Russians at Stein. Death or glory was inevitable. Sword in hand they force their way through the enemy, destroying 4000 of them, and thus proving the superiority of the French over the Russian infantry. About noon the French had driven a battalion of Russians into the Danube, who, up to their knees in water, called out for quarter: the slaughter ceased, and they were considered as prisoners. Scarcely was this done, and the French were resting on their arms for a moment, when on a sudden the Russians took to their arms, and with horrible cries of *huzzah! huzzah!* (that is kill! kill! kill!) fell upon the French, add made way through them at several points, but being received by a body of reserve, skilfully placed there by the general, were all cut to pieces.

If the French writer has not made a mistake, the word *huzzah* means to kill, and it might well seem to be an horrible cry in the ears of his countrymen. But I am rather inclined to apprehend that he has mistaken the effect of the cry for the meaning of it; and that the word was only an encouragement of the Russians to each other, and was used by them as by us, whether we are launching a vessel into the water in time of peace, chairing a favourite candidate at an election, or rushing on the enemy in the day of battle. The etymology of this word will satisfy my question; and if it has occurred to any of your readers, it will, I doubt not, be received with pleasure by many besides myself, and be thought worthy of a place in your publication.

E. P.

DESCRIPTION *of the* SEIKS.

THE Seiks occupy a portion of the Punjaub, a region comprehended within the five great rivers, the Hydaspes, the Hydraotes, the Acesines, the Hyphasis, and the Sutledge:

The Seiks are armed with a spear, matchlock, and scymetar; their method of fighting, as described by Mr. Thomas, is singular; after performing the requisite duties of their religion by ablution and prayer, they comb their hair and beards with peculiar care, then mounting their horses, ride forth towards the enemy, with whom they engage in a continued skirmish, advancing and retreating, until man and horse become equally fatigued; they then draw off to some distance from the enemy,

and

and meeting with cultivated ground, they permit their horses to graze on their own accord, while they parch a little grain for themselves; and after satisfying nature by this frugal repast, if the enemy be near, they renew the skirmishing; should he have retreated, they provide forage for their cattle, and endeavour to procure a meal for themselves.

Accustomed from their earliest infancy to a life of hardship and difficulty the Seiks despise the comforts of a tent; in lieu of this, each horseman is furnished with two blankets, one for himself, and the other for his horse. These blankets which are placed beneath the saddle, with a grain bag and heel ropes, comprise, in time of war, the baggage of a Seik. Their cooking utensils are carried on tattoos. Considering this mode of life, and the extraordinary rapidity of their movements, it cannot be matter of wonder if they perform marches, which to those who are only accustomed to European warfare, must appear almost incredible.

The Seiks, among other customs singular in their nature, never suffer their hair, or beards to be cut, consequently, when mounted on horseback, their black flowing locks, and half naked bodies, which are formed in the stoutest and most athletic mould, the glittering of their arms, and the size and speed of their horses, render their appearance imposing and formidable, and superior to most of the cavalry in Hindoostan.

The Seiks in their disposition are false, sanguinary, and faithless, they are addicted to plunder, and the acquirement of wealth by any means, however nefarious: instances have occurred of a child's arm being raised against his parent, and of brothers destroying each other.

Women amongst them are held in little estimation, and though ill treated by their husbands, and prohibited from accompanying them in their wars, these unhappy females nevertheless attend to their domestic concerns with a diligence and sedulousness deserving a better fate.

In the Seik army the modes of payment are various, but the most common is at the time of harvest, when every soldier receives the amount of his pay in grain and other articles, the produce of the country; to some is given money in small sums, and to others lands are allotted for their maintenance.

A Seik soldier has also his portion of the plunder acquired in the course of a campaign: this is set aside as a reward for his services, and in addition to it, he sometimes increases his gains by secreting the public money.

CHARACTER *of the late* MR. HENDERSON.

[From Cumberland's Memoirs.]

MR. HENDERSON was an actor of uncommon powers, and a man of the brightest intellect, formed to be the delight of society; and few indeed are those men of distinguished talents, who have been more prematurely lost to the world, or more lastingly regretted. What he was on the stage, those who recollect his Falstoff, Shylock, Sir Giles Overreach, and many other parts of the strong cast, can fully testify; what he was at his own fireside, and in his social hours, all who were within the circle of his intimates, will not easily forget. He had an unceasing flow of spirits, and a boundless fund of humour, irresistibly amusing: he also had wit, properly so distinguished, and from the specimens, which I have seen, of his sallies in verse, I am satisfied he had talents at command to have established a very high reputation as a poet. I was with him one morning, when he was indisposed, and his physician Sir John Eliot paid him a visit. The doctor, as is well known, was a merry little being, who talked pretty much at random, and oftentimes with no great reverence for the subjects which he talked upon: upon the present occasion however he came professionally to enquire how his medicines had succeeded, and in his northern accent demanded of his patient "Had he taken the *palls* that he sent him," "He had." "Well! and how did they agree? what had they done?" "Wonders," replied Henderson; "I survived them." "To be sure you did, (said the doctor,) and you must take more of 'em, and live for ever: I make all my patients immortal." "That is exactly what I am afraid of, doctor," rejoined the patient. "I met a lady of my acquaintance yesterday; you know her very well: she was in bitter affliction, crying and bewailing herself in a most piteous fashion: I asked what had happened; a melancholy event; her dearest friend was at death's door."—"What is her disease?" cried the doctor,—"That is the very question I asked," replied Henderson; "But she was in no danger from her disease; 'twas very slight: a mere excuse for calling in a physician." "Why, what the devil are you talking about, (rejoined the doctor,) if she had called in a physician, and there was no danger in the disease, how could she be said to be at death's door?" "Because, (said Henderson,) she had called in you: every body calls you in; you dispatch a world of business, and, if you come but once to each, your practice must have made you very rich." "Nay, nay (quoth Sir John,) I am not rich in this world; I lay up my treasure in Heaven." "Then you may take leave of it for ever, (rejoined the other,) for you have laid it up where you will never find it."

Henderson's

Henderson's memory was so prodigious, that I dare not risque the instance which I could give of it, not thinking myself entitled to demand more credit than I should probably be disposed to give. In his private character many good and amiable qualities might be traced, particularly in his conduct toward an aged mother, to whom he bore a truly filial attachment; and in laying up a provision for his wife and daughter he was at least sufficiently careful and economical. He was concerned with the elder Sheridan in a course of public readings: there could not be a higher treat than to hear his recitations from parts and passages in Tristram Shandy: let him broil his dish of sprats, seasoned with the sauce of his pleasantry, and succeeded by a desert of Trim, and my Uncle Toby, it was an entertainment worthy to be enrolled amongst the *noctes cænasque Divum*. I once heard him read part of a tragedy, and he ranted most outrageously: he was conscious how ill he did it, and laid it aside before he had finished it. It was clear he had not studied that most excellent property of pitching his voice to the size of the room he was in; an art, which so few readers have, but which Lord Mansfield was allowed to possess in perfection. He was an admirable mimic, and in his sallies of this sort he invented speeches and dialogues, so perfectly appropriate to the characters he was displaying, that I don't doubt but many good sayings have been given to the persons he made free with, which being fastened on them by him in a frolick, have stuck to them ever since, and perhaps gone down to posterity amongst their memorabilia. If there was any body now qualified to draw a parallel between the characters of Foote and Henderson, I don't pretend to say how the men of wit and humour might divide the laurel between them, but in this all men would agree that poor Foote attached to himself very few true friends, and Henderson very many, and those highly respectable, men virtuous in their lives, and enlightened in their understandings. Foote, vain, extravagant, embarrassed, led a wild and thoughtless course of life, yet when death approached him, he shrunk back into himself, saw and confessed his errors, and I have reason to believe was truly penitent. Henderson's conduct through life was uniformly decorous, and in the concluding stage of it exemplary devout.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

A Few years since, London fashions, even for July, would have excited a smile upon the cheek of every *elegante*. How could new fashions grow up in town, when their creative genius had fled to the coast, or withdrawn to the shades of rural

ral retirement? If we have lately seen fashion lingering in town at so late a period, we must impute it chiefly to a political cause. The session of parliament runs further into summer than formerly; and the session, the *modistes* know, operates as an embargo upon the *beau-monde*. This, added to the charms of the opera, has lately enabled fashion to reign over the capital with undiminished taste and splendour, even in July. The revolution has not, however, yet reached the month of August.

The opera still survives; but, with that exception, fashion is now confined to Vauxhall and the summer theatres, where neatness and simplicity have succeeded to oriental splendour: where taste is tied up in the twist of a turban, balanced upon the edge of a chip hat, or suffered not to range beyond the length of a mantle. It is upon the race course, or at the race ball, and not in Grosvenor-square, that this whimsical deity sits enthroned in August, and exercises her resistless but pleasing sway. London, no doubt, remains, as before, the grand reservoir from which she draws all her resources. "The heavenly panoply, divinely bright," in which beauty extends her conquests over every rural plain, is furnished and supplied by the same artists, whose skilful hands have been used to supply the armoury of the loves and the graces in town.

The cap, which we described in our fashions for the last month, has given place to the coronet, or bandeau of pearls or beads, with a bunch of small coloured or white flowers, with a white veil bound with the same colour; it is a very fashionable and becoming head-dress; turbans, of course, are always fashionable and elegant; hair, dressed *a la Egyptienne*, with lace veils; lenou, trimmed round with patent pearls; or patent lace, richly spangled with silver. Lace, gossamer, patent lace, or thin muslin dresses, over sarsnet slips, made high over the bosom, and plaited with lace; very low in the back, and sleeves short and full, prevail. Lace is worn in every shape it possibly can. Kid shoes and gloves, for full dress. Pearls, for their simple elegance, must, in summer, be always preferred. Morning dresses are stationary; short, with high collars, trimmed with soft muslin. Hats of all shapes, in muslin, straw, &c. &c. Mantles and gipsey cloaks only vary in the texture and value of the materials. Chip hats are always elegant, and never were more worn for afternoon dress. Lace scarfs, Limerick gloves, and white muslin dresses, richly embroidered all round, are the favourite costume of a lady of fashion.

CAPTURE

CAPTURE *of* LA CHEVRETTE.

IT being admitted, that boarding of the Chevrette, in Cameret Bay, bringing her out in spite of the obstinate resistance of her crew, reinforced, and prepared for the occasion, and protected by the fire of numerous batteries within range of grape shot, was one of the most brilliant exploits performed during the last war, the following anecdote, descriptive of individual exertion on that memorable occasion, may be acceptable.

Mr. Brown, boatswain of the Beaulieu, after forcing his way into the Chevrette's quarter-gallery, found the door planked up, so that all his efforts to force it were ineffectual; through the crevices of the planks he discovered men sitting on the cabin-deck, armed with pikes and pistols, who often annoyed him whilst attempting to burst in. He next tried the quarter, and after an obstinate resistance gained the tafrail, (the officer who commanded the party was at this time fighting his way up a little further forward), for an instant, whilst looking round to see where he should make his push, he stood exposed to the enemy's fire, when, waving his cutlass, he cried "Make a lane there," gallantly dashed among them, and fought his way forward, until he reached his old part, the forecastle, which the men, animated by his example, soon cleared of the enemy: here Mr. Brown remained during the rest of the contest, not only repulsing the French in their attempts to retake his post, but attending to the orders from the quarter-deck, and assisting in casting the ship and making sail with as much coolness as if he had been on board the Beaulieu.

The noble lord who then presided at the admiralty, promoted this gallant officer to the Conqueror, a name truly apposite to his distinguished bravery.

Henry Wallis, quarter-master of the Beaulieu, was appointed by the officer who commanded during the attack, to the Chevrett's helm. This gallant seaman fought his way to the wheel, killing one or two of the enemy in his progress; although severely wounded in the contest, and bleeding, he steadily remained at his station, steering the Chevrette out until she was in safety from the fire of the batteries; on his officer's saying he was afraid his wounds were severe, the brave fellow said, it was only a graze, and a prick with a cutlass, and would not prevent him from going on such another expedition again, and wished it were the following night. He knew there was an arduous and important service about to be performed by the boats of the fleet, and being among the volunteers from the Beaulieu, concealed the state of his wounds that he might not be laid aside. This brave man had served seven years in the ship, and constantly distinguished himself on every service of danger

that occurred; and, if any extraordinary exertion was required, Wallis was sure to be the foremost. If a man had fallen overboard, he was always fortunately in the way, and either in the boat or the water; during the time he belonged to the ship nearly a dozen men were indebted to him for their lives, which he had saved by plunging overboard, sometimes even in a gale of wind, at the utmost hazard of his own.

Another of these brave fellows, Richard Smith, quarter-master, was desperately wounded, while steering one of the boats before they reached the corvette; after lying stunned for some time, he recovered himself, and was much distinguished during the combat on board the Chevrette. One of the top-men, who had been appointed to cut loose the sails, was wounded in the body and arm while boarding; after they gained a footing, the commanding officer observed him going aloft with his arm bleeding fast, desired he would wait while a tourniquet was put on; the brave fellow refused, saying, it would be time enough when he had performed his duty; he persevered, and did not descend until the sails were set; the enemy having stopped the horses up, he was obliged to crawl out on the yard, and the exertion while aloft occasioned his wounds to bleed so profusely, that he fainted the instant he came down. This meritorious seaman, however, was recovered.

John Ware, boatsman's-mate, lost his left arm by the cut of a sabre, while boarding; he fell into the boat, but having bound up the stump, returned to the charge, and behaved gallantly during the whole of the contest: he was promoted to be boatswain of the Beaulieu; and all these brave men were particularly noticed by the lords of the admiralty.

NATIVE EFFUSION *of* ELOQUENCE.

WHEN the secret enemies of Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent, triumphed over that great man, so far as to obtain an order from the king, that he should be arrested at Dover, and brought in irons to London, the messengers employed for that purpose seized on his lordship's person, and applied to a blacksmith to make his fetters; when the honest son of Vulcan broke out in the following exclamation:—

"Doe with me what yea please, and God have mercy on my soule; but as sure as the Lord lives, I will never make yron shackles for him, but will rather die the worst death that is. For is not this that most loyal and courageous Hubert, who so often hath preserved England from being destroyed by strangers, and restored England to England? He who faithfully and constantly served his sovereign Lord King John, in Gascoigne, Normandy, and elsewhere; that he was compelled to eat the

flesh of horses; whose high courage even enemies admired? He, that so long defended Dover Castle, the key of England, against all the exquisite sieges of the French, and by vanquishing them at sea, brought safety to the kingdom? What need I rehearse his excellent doings at Lincoln and Bedford? Let God be judge between him and you, for using him so unjustly, and inhumanely, repaying good with evill; nay, requiting his most excellent deserts with the worst recompence that can be." As they could not prevail on the blacksmith, they tied the earl's feet under the horse's belly, brought him in that manner to the tower, where he lay for some years a close prisoner, and was then discharged without being brought to trial.

LEWIS *the* SIXTEENTH.

THE following character of the last king of France is from the Annual Register (1793), just published by Messrs. Rivington. Not only the ability with which it is drawn up, but the circumstance of its being the only attempt, we believe, to describe the qualities and attainments of this unfortunate prince, renders it peculiarly interesting.

Having narrated the trial and execution of the king—"Thus fell," continues the historian, "Lewis the XVIth. in the 39th year of his age, and the 19th of his reign; and with him fell the monarchy of France, which under three dynasties, had existed nearly fifteen centuries. So strong, at the time of his accession, was the general sentiment in his favour, that he was greeted with the title of Lewis the Desired. Nor, though afterwards branded with every term of obliquy, did he ever merit the hatred of his subjects. In some measure he resembled our Charles the First, to whose history he paid great attention. A comparison, however, of their conduct, when involved in difficulties is highly favourable to the English sovereign. Charles maintained, with vigour and by arms, a contest of some years duration; and, when at length overcome, still preserving his native dignity, uniformly refused to acknowledge the authority of that usurped jurisdiction by which he was arraigned. He lost his crown and life, but he preserved inviolate the reputation of active courage and unconquerable spirit. Lewis may, perhaps, with more propriety, be compared to the Sixth Henry. With greater abilities than Henry, he had, in some parts of his character and situation, a strong similarity to that monarch. Both were pious; both diffident of themselves, and therefore easily swayed by others, espoused princesses of elevated minds; both were driven from their thrones by rebellion, and both perished by an untimely death.

" The understanding of Lewis was much above mediocrity; he had acquired a vast fund of knowledge by reading; his memory was remarkably tenacious; and his judgement in arranging, combining, and applying, what his memory had retained, was often displayed in a manner that was highly creditable to him. On the relative state and interests of France and the European powers, his information was by no means inconsiderable. History and geography were two of his favourite studies. To the former he paid much attention; and such was his proficiency in the latter, that the detailed instructions to the ill-fated navigator Perouse were drawn up by his own hand: he was, indeed, supposed to be the best geographer in his kingdom. With some of the mechanical arts he was also well acquainted, and even occasionally practised them.

" In his moral conduct he was unimpeachable. Just, beneficent, a good husband, a good father, and a lover of his people; he would, had he lived in an age less turbulent, when the higher talents are not required in a ruler, have done honour to a throne. He did not satisfy himself with mere morality, which, when unsupported by religion, is little to be depended upon. His piety too was exemplary; the faith in which he and his ancestors had been educated, he followed with sincerity and warmth, but without any mixture of ill-directed and uncharitable zeal. On the mercy and goodness of the Deity he relied with unfeigned confidence. That reliance afforded him consolation in the latter stormy period of his reign, and fortitude in the hour of death. It enabled him to triumph over slander, captivity, and the grave.

" But, numerous as his virtues certainly were, there was one master-fault which ran through and vitiated the whole of his conduct; he wanted that firmness and decision, without which, the greatest virtues are sometimes worse than useless. A monarch should know as well how to make himself feared as loved: in vulgar minds mere affection soon degenerates into something bordering upon contempt. His orders can never be disobeyed, or slighted, without prejudice to himself. Lewis yielded at those very moments when he should most vigorously have enforced obedience; when he should fully have asserted his authority, or abandoned life and authority together; passive courage he possessed, but not active.

" Yet even this had its rise in a fault, but it was a fault of so amiable a nature, that it can hardly be censured without pain. It arose from the extreme horror which he always felt of shedding human blood. Looking, however, to the situation in which they are placed, and the high purposes for which they hold that situation, sovereigns ought to consult, not their feelings, but their duties. Blind and indiscriminate mercy is, in its effects, the worst of cruelties. Humanity itself imperiously

commands

commands the punishment of those who wantonly and wickedly violate the laws on which social order is founded; and by giving a loose to the most violent passions of man, reduce him to a state of worse than savage nature, since it has all the bad qualities of savage existence without any of its virtues. The monarch is the guardian of the state, and the safety of the state is put to the hazard, when traitors are allowed to conspire with impunity. Nor will the king who tolerates treason long remain a king.

"The unfortunate Lewis fell a victim to his ignorance of this truth. In his fall he drew down the greatest evils not only upon his own country, but also upon a considerable part of Europe. That clemency, which he so injudiciously shewed to rebellious subjects, cost the lives of the bravest, the wisest, and noblest characters of the times in which they lived; covered France with scaffolds and blood; shook, to their foundations, some of the oldest established governments; and involved others in total destruction. His fate will operate as a lesson to all sovereigns, to extinguish, with a decided hand, the first embers of sedition; and happy will it be for mankind, if the caution thus inspired, does not, sooner or later, degenerate into a gloomy and suspicious tyranny, which, under pretence of resisting innovation, may discourage all reform, and strike the surest and most deadly blows at the very existence of freedom itself. History, while it ranks Lewis with those who were worthy of being enrolled among saints and martyrs, must lament that he lived in an age, and among a people, when all the vigorous talents of a Henry the Fourth would not have been more than sufficient to preserve, unimpaired, the dignity of the sovereign, and, by that dignity, the peace and welfare of his subjects."

ACCOUNT *of a late remarkable* METEOR.

ON Thursday evening, the 17th of July, 1806, about eight o'clock, while it was yet broad day-light, a meteor was seen, sufficiently large and bright to attract attention in the day time, of which Mr. Farey, of Crown-street, Westminster, gives the following particulars.

Having heard that Mr. Andrew Foster, surgeon, and his son, were in his garden near the Asylum in St. George's Fields, in company with Mr. Henry Herbert, coal-merchant, of Little Abingdon-street, Westminster, and that they saw the late meteor distinctly, he went to the spot, about noon on the 19th, in company with Mr. Herbert, and collected the following particulars. At his request, each of these gentlemen in succession took a straight staff in his hand, and placing himself on the

exact spot where he stood at the time the meteor was seen, pointed the staff to the part of the heavens where he first saw it; he then on a signal began to move the staff along, pointing out the course of the meteor through the air, and moving the staff with the same regular velocity, as near as he could recollect, to the part where the meteor vanished, and then made another signal; the times were noted by a stop-watch, and on comparing these and taking a mean, he set down seven seconds as the time during which the meteor was seen by these three gentlemen, which he thinks is very near the truth. By help of a common quadrant, each one took the altitude, as near as they could recollect and estimate, according to the chimnies and roofs of the buildings round the garden, over which each one saw it, the attention of all of them being directed to it at the same instant; these elevations agreed sufficiently near with 15°; in like manner the altitude of the end of its course was settled and taken down at 11°; the arc described by the meteor was measured in like manner, and entered at 77°; and by an observation of the sun (which he made on the 19th for the purpose,) 33° of these were to the eastward, and 44° to the westward, of the south-meridian line.

The sun was about setting or set on the 17th, and the planet Jupiter had just begun to appear, which occasioned these three gentlemen to be looking up at the time they espied the meteor, then about 1° east of, and 5° higher than the planet, over which it appeared to pass, and whose light was for the instant quite eclipsed by the superior splendour of the meteor; which had a globular nucleus or body, from one fifth to one fourth of the apparent diameter of the moon, and the same exceeded in brightness the planet Venus, during her most splendid appearance in the dark, notwithstanding it was yet broad day light; there were no visible clouds, nor was any wind stirring at the time. Behind the body of the meteor was a tail, of a brownish kind of light, following its course, in which tail one of the gentlemen described the appearance of bright sparks, as proceeding from the body; the tail was conical, and its length equal to three or four times the diameter of the body. Towards the end of the apparent course the meteor did not diminish in brightness, but its tail appeared less (probably from being nearer to a line with the eye of the spectator), until the whole vanished at once, as if suddenly extinguished; probably from passing behind a cloud, too rare, or else of a colour not to be visible at that time to the eye. No explosions or noises were heard, either before or after the appearance; and the apparent tract of the meteor was as nearly straight as possible.

Besides the above particulars, others were gathered from two gentlemen who saw it in Ranelagh-street, Pimlico; and from a lady who was sitting before, but not looking out of a window,

opposite

opposite to Arundel-street in the Strand, until the light of the meteor, thrown upon the eastern jamb of the window, attracted her notice, and occasioned her to look up and see a part of its course, 'till the chimnies and roofs interrupted it. From a comparison of all these particulars, Mr. Farey is inclined to estimate the course of this meteor to have been about S. E. to N. W. and that it passed at a considerable distance to the S. W. of London; and should this direction be correctly assumed, he concludes it to be probable that the meteor entered the southern coast of England about Pevensey Harbour, passed nearly over Hailsham, Cuckfield, Ryegate, Chertsey, Windsor, Maidenhead, Thame, Diddington, Stratford, Stour-bridge, the Wrekin Hill, Bliesmere, Ruthin, Denbigh, and left the north coast of Wales near Abergelly. The length of this supposed course of the meteor, across the British island, is about 248 miles, and with a velocity of 4958 (answering to 5¾ miles of height), the same would be performed in the space of 50″ nearly. In this space of time, that part of the earth over which the meteor passed, and its surrounding atmosphere, would be carried to the eastward, by the diurnal rotation, a space nearly equal to nine miles.

ANECDOTES *of* Mrs. YEARSLEY.

THIS writer was lately a milk-woman at Bristol, and celebrated for her poetical talents, which were first discovered by Miss Hannah More, who solicited for her the protection of Mrs. Montagu, in a prefatory letter to a collection of her poems. In this preface Miss More says, that "on making diligent inquiry into her history and character, she found that Mrs. Yearsley had been born and bred in her present humble station, that is, selling milk from door to door, and had never received the least education, except that her brother had taught her to write. Her mother, who was also a milk-woman, appears to have had sense and piety, and to have given an early tincture of religion to this poor woman's mind. She is about eight and twenty, was married very young to a man of a turn of mind very different from her own. Repeated losses, and a numerous family, for they had six children in seven years, reduced them very low, and the rigours of a severe winter, sunk them to the extremity of distress." Miss More observes, that she was curious to know what poetry Mrs. Yearsley had read, and found, that with Young's Night Thoughts, and Milton's Paradise Lost, she was well acquainted; but she was astonished to learn that Young and Milton had written any thing else. Dryden, Spencer, Thomson, and Prior, were quite unknown to her, even by name. Her first publication was "Poems on Several Occasions,"

Occasions," in one volume, 4to. 1785, and they present a very striking picture of a vigorous and aspiring genius struggling with its own feelings. Two years after this, viz. in 1787, Mrs. Yearsley published, in quarto, " Poems on Various Subjects." Previously to this, a charge had been brought against her of ingratitude to her original benefactress, which in a narrative prefixed to these poems, she said was wholly unfounded. She defended herself with courage, but at the same time with moderation; with a temper, in short, which would do honour to any cause. She made use of no retort, no recrimination whatever; it was simply a justification of, or apology for her conduct. In this second work she discovered the same originality of thought and expression, the same boldness, and grandeur in the imagery, which so eminently distinguish her former productions. Milton and Young were her models, but yet she was sometimes a little obscure.

In 1788, she joined the benevolent band associated in the cause of humanity, in an attack on the slave trade, in a short poem, in which she inveighed with great spirit against that abominable traffic. In 1790, she published " Stanzas of Woe," addressed from the heart, on a bed of illness, to Levi Eames, Esq. late mayor of the city of Bristol, which appeared to be dictated by distress and indignation at the cruel treatment her children received from a servant of a chief magistrate of Bristol.

In 1791, Mrs. Yearsley produced an historical play, entitled " Earl Goodwin," which was performed with great applause at the theatre royal, Bristol. This was a play without any mixture of love, and in several parts contained a happy imitation of the style of Shakespeare, whom she also copied in mixing what appertains to comedy with her tragic strains, but in this she was not very fortunate. The play experienced at Bristol great success, and its representation was attended by brilliant and crowded audiences.

In 1795, she published a novel, in four volumes, under the title of " The Royal Captives," founded on the impenetrable history of the Man in the Iron Mask, the supposed twin-brother of Louis XVI. whom Mrs. Yearsley formed into a husband and a father, and relates the adventures of him, his wife, and son, principally in the person of the latter. We believe this was the last work which Mrs. Yearsley published, in the preface to which she observes thus of herself:—" she owned that she loved fame, though she had only heard her whispers, and that she was not deaf to, nor independent of the voice of the world except in those enraptured moments when bewitching fancy rendered her insensible to the real dependencies of life."

In poetry, she professed herself to be the slave of fancy, but in prose, wished that fancy might become a slave to her, stating, that in private sorrow, through a gloomy passage of twenty years, she proved her enchanting friend. "The clouds," says Mrs. Yearsley, "that hang over my fortunes intervene between me and the public. I incessantly struggle to dissipate them; I feel those struggles vain, and shall drop in the effort. This consolation I shall, however, bear with me to the verge of life, that to those who have guided me by the sacred and lambent flame of friendship, my memory will be dear, and that, whilst malice feebly breathes, truth will boldly pronounce."

Mrs. Yearsley, like all unlettered poets, abounded in metaphor, imagery, and personification; her ear was perfect, and there was sometimes great felicity in the structure of her blank verse. She was diffuse from redundancy, and oftener obscure from brevity: but those inexpiable poetic sins, the false thought, the puerile conceit, the distorted image, and the incongruous metaphor, the common resources of bad poets, and the not uncommon blemishes of good ones, were only seldom found in her writings.

FRENCH DESCRIPTION *of* CATTARO.

THE town and garrison of Cattaro is situated at the extremity of the gulph of that name, which was formerly called Lizzonico. Cattaro, at the time of the Romans, was known by the name of Ascrivium. The destiny of this people was continually changing until the close of the 14th century, when their independence was recognised by the kings of Bohemia. Cattaro afterwards supported many bloody wars against the Balsas, princes of Zenta and Montenegro, as well as some of less consequence against the Ragusans. In the year 1361, Cattaro formed an intimate alliance with the last, as well as with the inhabitants of Antivari and Dulcigno.—This small state having terminated all its wars, and having liberated itself from any dependence on the kings of Bosnia, was governed by its own laws, until 1410; when alarmed by the colossal power of the Turks, who had conquered the neighbouring provinces, the inhabitants of Cattaro, from a sense of their danger, thought proper to submit themselves to the republic of Venice.

The principal conditions of the treaty were, that Cattaro should retain its form of government; that the Venetians should defray all the expences of administration out of the duties received at the custom-houses; and lastly, that if the republic of Venice should find itself unable to give protection to its

its new subjects, it should not transfer the sovereignty of it to any other power, but restore Cattaro to its former independence. It was in consequence of this convention that the Venetian republic having been dissolved, on the 12th of May, 1797, the inhabitants of Cattaro exercised the right of disposition, and accordingly transferred themselves to Austria, on the 4th of July in the same year. Castelnuovo followed their example. This town, built in 1373 by Guarlo, kind of Bohemia, belonged to the Venetians since 1687. Budna, another town of Albania, was under their protection since the 15th century. It was occupied in 1797, by the Austrians, at the very moment that Pierre Petrowille, the Montenegrin bishop, was about to seize it at the head of a band of 5 or 6000 men.

The inhabitants grow a great deal of corn in the plains next the sea, but not sufficient for their consumption, as they have a strong repugnance to hard labour. They have excellent wine, and all the fruits peculiar to the south of Europe; bees and silkworms are much cultivated by them. Cattaro is an old town, but is well built, and very strong. The inhabitants are about 1400. Castlenuovo, which is also well fortified, may contain about 1800.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

[From Wool's Life of Warton.]

DURING the year 1778, their majesties, in reviewing the summer encampments, visited Winchester, and honoured the college with their presence. Dr. Warton's house, at this period was filled with men of high and acknowledged talents, amongst whom were Lord Palmerston, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Messrs. Stanley, T. Warton, and Garrick. To the latter a very whimsical accident occurred. The horse that carried him to the review, on his casually alighting, by some means got loose, and ran away. In this dilemma, assuming the attitude of Richard, he exclaimed, amidst the astonished soldiers, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" which having reached the king's ears, he immediately asserted, "These must be the tones of Garrick; see if he is on the ground." Mr. Garrick was consequently found, and presented to his majesty, who, in addition to many other compliments, assured him that his delivery of Shakespear could never pass undiscovered.

REFLECTION.

REFLECTION.

THE comfortable reflection on a well-spent life will afford to old age the greatest of blessings, sooth the pains of dissolution, and brighten the prospect of futurity.

Women excluded the Gallery of the House of Commons.

MR. Hatsel, in his Precedents, speaking on the exclusion of women from the gallery of the house of commons, says, "The most remarkable instance of this, that has occurred in my memory, was at a time when the whole gallery and the seats under the front gallery were filled with ladies. Captain Johnstone of the navy (commonly called Governor Johnstone) being angry that the house was cleared of all the 'men strangers,' amongst whom were some friends he had introduced, insisted that 'all strangers should withdraw.' This produced a violent ferment for a long time, the ladies shewing great reluctance to comply with the orders of the house; so that, by their perseverance, business was interrupted nearly two hours. But, at length, they too were compelled to submit.

"Since that time, ladies, many of the highest rank, have made several painful efforts to be again admitted. But Mr. Cornwall, and the present speaker, (then Mr. Addington,) have as constantly declined to permit them to come in. Indeed, was this privilege allowed to any one individual, however high her rank, or respectable her character and manners, the galleries must be soon opened to all women, who, from curiosity, amusement, or any other motive, wish to hear the debate; all this to exclusion of many young men, and of merchants and others, whose commercial interests render their attendance necessary to them, and of real use and importance to the public. Lord Shaftsbury spoke, in the year 1675, 'of the scandal arising fromthe droves of ladies that attended causes depending in the house of lords.'

"In Gray's Debates, vol. iii. p. 222, is the following:—some ladies were in the gallery, peeping over the gentlemen's shoulders. The speaker spying them, called out, 'What borough do these ladies serve for?' To which Sir William Coventry replied, 'They serve for the speaker's chamber.' Sir Thomas Lyttleton said, 'Perhaps the speaker may mistake gentlemen with fine sleeves, dressed like ladies.' Says the speaker, 'I am sure I saw petticoats.' This was on the 1st of June, 1675, and shews that, though they were admitted into the house of lords, it was not customary for ladies to attend the debates in the house of commons."

Answer, by W. Cross, of Bristol, to G. Hann's Rebus, inserted June 2.

AN ADDICE will, I think, reveal
The tool you labour'd to conceal.

☞ We have received similar answers from William Sparks, of Uffculm; W. D. of Bristol; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; R. Trewavas, jun. and J. Badcock, of Mousehole; H. Glasson, of Praze; T. Clarke, jun. and T. Scadding, of Wellington; W. Pollard, of Egloshayle; and Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to P. Ninnis's Charade, inserted June 9.

THE parts combin'd will then discover
CINQUE-FOIL, a species of grass and clover.

‡ The like answers have been received from Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers; and J. Matthews, of Dartmouth.

Answer, by J. Butler, Jun. of Wellington, to S. C. Moore's Charade, inserted the 9th of June.

IF you but place the parts aright,
A STARLING then you'll bring to sight.

‡ Similar answers have been received from J. Salter, of Broadhembury; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; W. D. William Cross, and T. Davis, of Bristol; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; J. Fairweather, of Batson, near Kingsbridge; S. Lawrence, of Sidmouth; R. Trewavas, of Mousehole; Henry Glasson, of Praze; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. Lewis, of Poole; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; a correspondent of Honiton; W. D. C. of Bridgewater; Ann Dyer, of Manadon House; R. Gidley, jun. and P. C. of Dean Prior; W. Pollard, of Egloshayle; Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers; Sophia, of Modbury; Thomas Scadding, and T. Clarke, jun. of Wellington; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; and A. Kyne, jun. of London.

A CHARADE, *by Sophia, of Modbury.*

IF you reverse a sort of pipe,
And so likewise a snare,
Then join the same together right,
You'll see what many wear.

A REBUS, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

WHEN of my first possess'd the charming fair,
Into my next th' admiring youth betrays;
If with my third she plants the deep-laid snare,
How soon their transient pleasure then decays!
More pleasing far, when of my fourth possess'd,
The lovely nymph to gen'rous truth's inclin'd;
'Tis there the youth, if by my last is press'd
With her will taste substantial joys refin'd.
The initials if you rightly frame,
An author brings to view;
Whose works entitle him to fame,
So now, kind Sirs, adieu.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the much lamented Death of Master Wake, of Barnstaple, who was unfortunately drowned, while bathing in the River Taw, July 7, 1806.

OH! speak not now of sorrow, anguish, grief,
Words will not—cannot those strong pangs express,
That pain of heart, surpassing all belief,
Which rends the frame with agoniz'd distress.

A mother's feelings none but mothers know;
An only son, that son her only pride,
Snatch'd early hence—who can the picture draw?
Or who describe the fatal way he died?

Shock'd are the senses, harrow'd is the mind,
Parents and friends drop fast the flowing tear;
But nought avails! Death has the youth enshrin'd!
He sinks! he's gone! he will no more appear!

Calm resignation lifts her lily hand,
And checks the trembling tear in sorrow's eye;
"'Tis Heav'n's decree," she cries, "'tis God's command,
"His will be done!"—ask not the reason why.

Addressed to a Company, where Scandal engrossed the Conversation.

SWEET to the scent's the smiling brier,
Yet touch'd it gives us pain;
The stream, which we so much admire,
Is often stain'd with rain.

The painting, that delights the eye,
To shades its beauty owes;
On the same humble shrub we spy
The thorn and blushing rose.

No mortal ever yet was made
From imperfection free;
Angels themselves have some small shade,
Heav'n wills it thus should be.

Mercy to others' failings show,
As you would be forgiv'n;
The best man's lot, alas! is woe,
Was mercy not in Heav'n.

A DETESTER OF SLANDER.

The WIDOWER.—*A* SONNET.

SEE yon poor mourner rob'd in sablest dress,
With fix'd dejected eye, and pallid cheek;

His

His sunken eyes in grief's mute language speak,
And tell the tale of ruin'd happiness.
The retrospective glance, to such a one,
Can only paint the last convulsive breath
Of a fond wife—her fair form stretch'd in death,
And conjugal delights for ever gone.
This world must seem, with all its pomp and noise,
A waste; the bloom of spring and winter's storms
To him alike, for memory deforms
Each beauteous scene, and poisons all his joys.
His soul is frozen into settled gloom,
His heart is broke, his hope is in the tomb.

WILLIAM *and* BERTHA.

Founded on a Fact, written at the express Desire of a young Lady, under similar Circumstances, and inscribed to Colonel Newnham.

OH save me! save me! deadly anguish
Preys upon each lifeless vein;
'Tis William! Oh! I faint, I languish,
Gliding o'er yon ghastly train.
Speak! is thy life no more existing,
Is thy mission from above;
Art thou still in love persisting,
Since the world is lost to love?

Why fly me, when I would embrace thee?
That form of thine distracts me quite!
I saw the plund'ring Frenchmen chase thee,
I saw thee fall;—Oh! bloody sight!
You fled—I follow'd—thro' each winding,
I brav'd a deluge from above;
Yet are those ties of love still binding,
Since the world is lost to love.

Speak, Bertha calls, are words deny'd thee,
Since thy sorrows are no more?
But death will lay me soon beside thee,
I on my knees this boon implore.
Farewell, farewell, and art thou going?
Farewell, the soft Assyrian dove;
Loud tempests rise, dread winds are blowing,
Since the world is lost to love.

Swansea. J. DELL.

IMPROMPTU,

On a gentleman, who, on coming into a coffee-room, said it was Hellish-cold; and, after taking two or three glasses of brandy, said it was Devilish-hot.

NED first exclaim'd, 'twas hellish cold,
Then briskly plied the rummer;
'Till *swallow* after *swallow* came,
And then he said, '*twas summer*.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

'TIS the very best world we live in
To lend, and to spend, and to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
The very worst world that ever was known.